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BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN
LEV
GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS



BLACK DIAMOND

OCTOBER
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NO. 52

WESTERN



10¢

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER; HAROLD STRAUBING, EDITOR

AUTHORIZED
A.C.M.F.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HELLO, BOB-HAVE YOU FOUND
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS!
LADIES!
MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Yesiree, a real, live Pony
for your very own. Just send
for BIG catalog for premium
plan. MAIL COUPON
TO START.



ACT NOW!

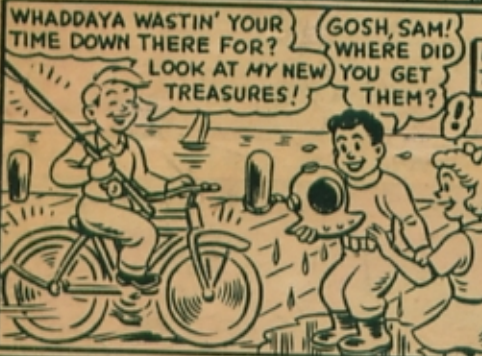
Mail coupon.



BE FIRST



ACT NOW



WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE
WE GIVE YOU A
BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS
EASY AS FALL-
ING OFF A
LOG!

ACT FAST!
Swim Masks,
Flashlights,
Cameras,
Dresser Sets,
1000 Shot Daisy
Air Rifles, Bibles.

LET'S GO!

MAIL COUPON NOW!



YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying
case, Telescopes, Watches (sent
ppd.) **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with
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Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-
folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines,
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Roller Skates, Telescopes.

WE
TRUST YOU!

OUR
59th YEAR!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. 53-CH, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



ACT NOW!

➔ **OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL** ➔

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BLACK DIAMOND

IN "SIX GUN SHOWDOWN"

AS HARD-RIDING
U.S. MARSHALL,
BLACK DIAMOND
SPURS HIS
MOUNT, RELIAPON,
TO RIDGEVILLE,
THE UGLY SNOUT
OF A SIX-GUN
BELCHES FLAME...

THUNDERATION!
A DRYGULCHER...
UP ON THAT
RIDGE!

bill
walton

NO USE! BY THE TIME I MAKE
THE RIDGE, THAT GUNHAWK
WILL HAVE VAMOOSÉD!

NOW, I WONDER WHO'S SO POWERFUL
ANXIOUS TO SPIKE MY APPOINTMENT
WITH LOGAN?

A WARNING!
STAY CLEAR OF
THE LOGAN CASE!



IF YOU GET TO THINK I'M INNOCENT, THEY'D FREE ME...
THEY'D BELIEVE YOU! YOU'RE THE BIGGEST LAW-
MAN IN THE WEST!



ALL RIGHT!
I'LL HAVE A POW-
WOW WITH
ZENO!

CAREFUL! HE'S GOT A FAST TEMPER!
AND AN EVEN-FASTER DRAW!



LATER...ZENO'S
PLACE! AN OWL-
HOOT HANGOUT!

HOWDY, ZENO! I'D LIKE TO
PALAVER WITH YOU...ABOUT
THE WILSON KILLING!

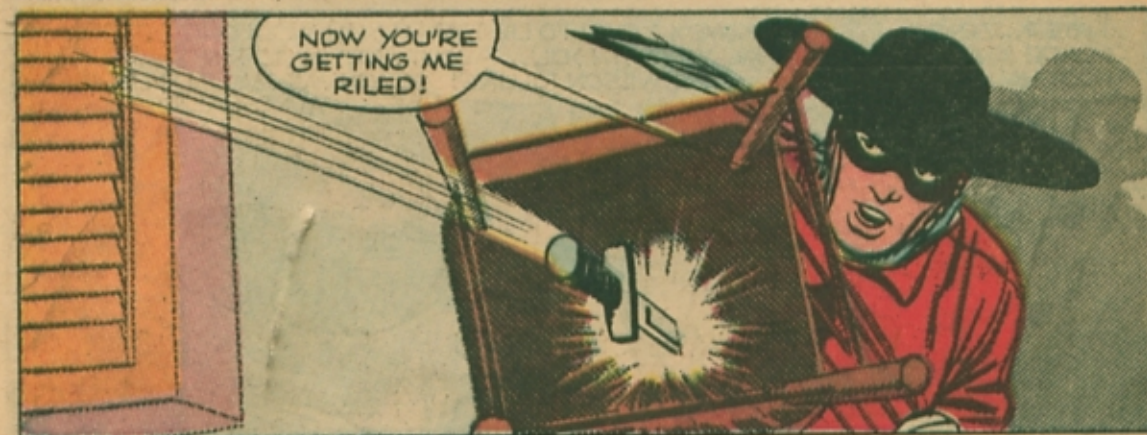
YUH WOULDN'T BE
TRYIN' TO PIN THAT
ON ME, WOULD YUH,
MARSHAL?

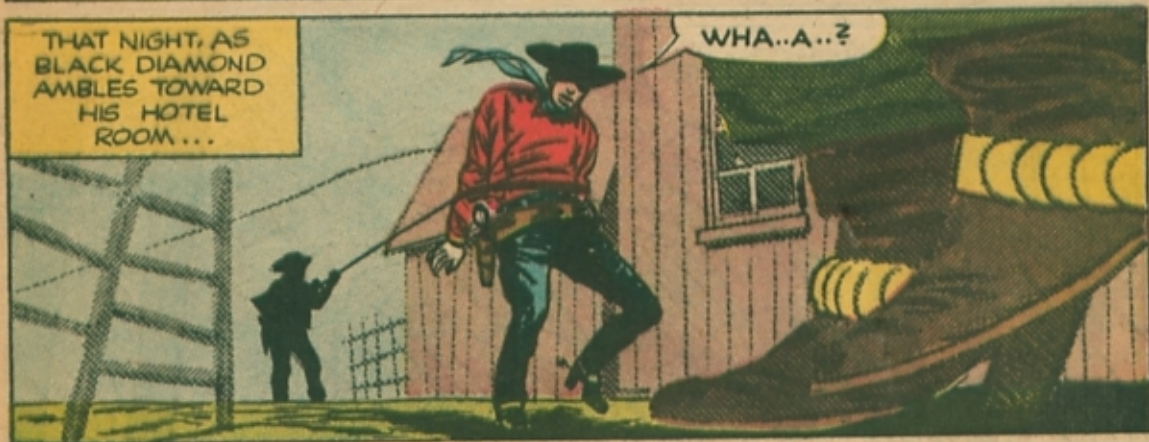
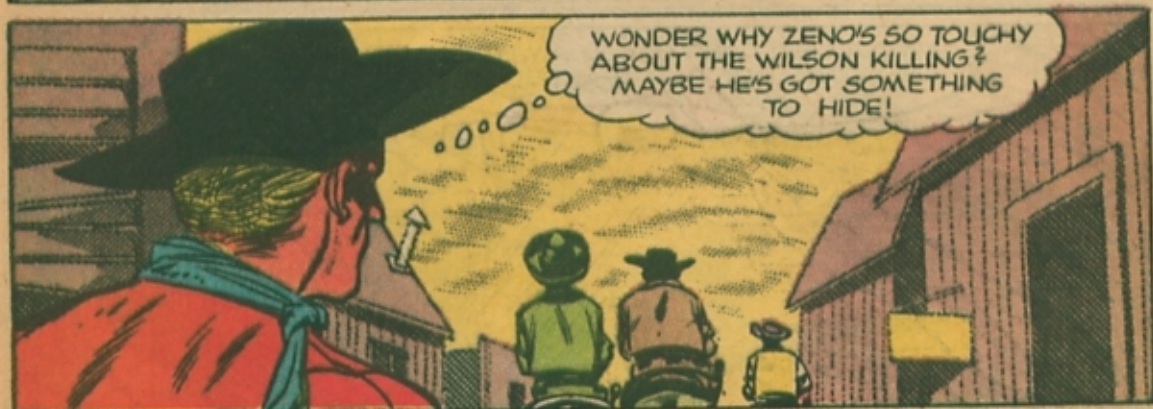


ONLY IF
YOU'RE
GUILTY!

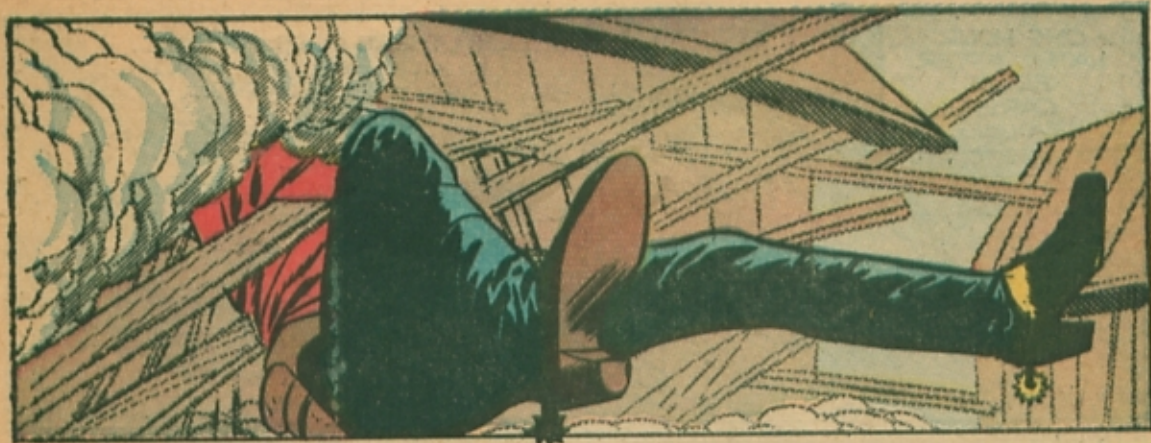
CONSARN YUH! NO WEEDLY LAWMAN
TALKS TO LAFE ZENO THAT WAY!
SLAP LEATHER!











ONE HOUR
LATER, AFTER
SOME
CAREFUL
TRAILING...

THERE GOES MY MAN...
CLIMBING THAT WIND-
MILL TOWER...

THE COYOTE IS TOO
BUSY TO NOTICE HE'S
GETTING COMPANY!

AH! WILSON'S
GOLD POKE—
STILL HERE!

RIGHT WHERE YOU HID IT AFTER
YOU GUNNED HIM, EH,
LOGAN?

SURE, LOGAN...I HAD YOU RELEASED BECAUSE I RECKONED YOU'D LEAD ME STRAIGHT TO THE HIDDEN GOLD!

BLASTED
LAWMAN!

I SHOULD'VE PICKED SOME OTHER
LAWMAN...ONE DUMBER'N YOU!

A WHIRLING WIND-
MILL BLADE CRACKS
LOGAN'S NECK AND
LIKE A HANGMAN'S
ROPE, SENDS HIM DOWN
THE LONG DROP!

AGGH!

AFTER
ZENO IS
JAILED...

YOU'RE SMART, BLACK
DIAMOND! HOW DID
YOU SAVVY LOGAN HIRED
ME TO MAKE HIM
LOOK INNOCENT?

AT THE START, YOU COULDN'T TRAPPED
ME WITH A CROSS-FIRE...INSTEAD
YOU WASTED ONE BULLET AND
A WARNING! I FIGURED
EVERYTHING THAT FOLLOWED
WAS AN ACT!

BESIDES, LOGAN LIED WHEN HE CLAIMED YOU WORE
HIS BOOTS AT THE KILLING! YOU COULDN'T EVER
GET YOUR BIG HOOFS INTO HIS SMALL BOOTS!

LOGAN TRIED USING MY GOOD NAME TO SAVE HIM FROM
HANGING...BUT HE GOT IT IN THE NECK JUST THE SAME!
THAT'S THE WAY JUSTICE WORKS!

The
END

BUCK ROPER

KNEW EASY MONEY IS THE GOAL OF EVERY LAWBREAKER! AND WHEN THREE OF THESE DESPERADOES OF THE WEST THOUGHT THEY COULD MAKE THEIR DREAMS COME TRUE BY KIDNAPPING HIM, EXCITEMENT AND TENSION REACHED NEW HEIGHTS IN...

"THE RODEO RANSOM"







THE DUMB FISH! WE DANGLED THE BAIT IN FRONT OF HIM AND HE BIT FOR IT!



SHORTLY AFTER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

HERE WE ARE!

THIS DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A CLOTHING PLACE TO ME!



WE TOLD YOU IT'S A NEW OUTFIT! IT'S NOT COMPLETELY SET!

COME ON IN AND MEET THE BOSS!



HUH? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, COYOTE PETE?

JUST SHUT UP AND SIGN YOUR NAME AT THE BOTTOM OF THAT SHEET OF PAPER... UNLESS YOU WANNA TASTE LEAD!



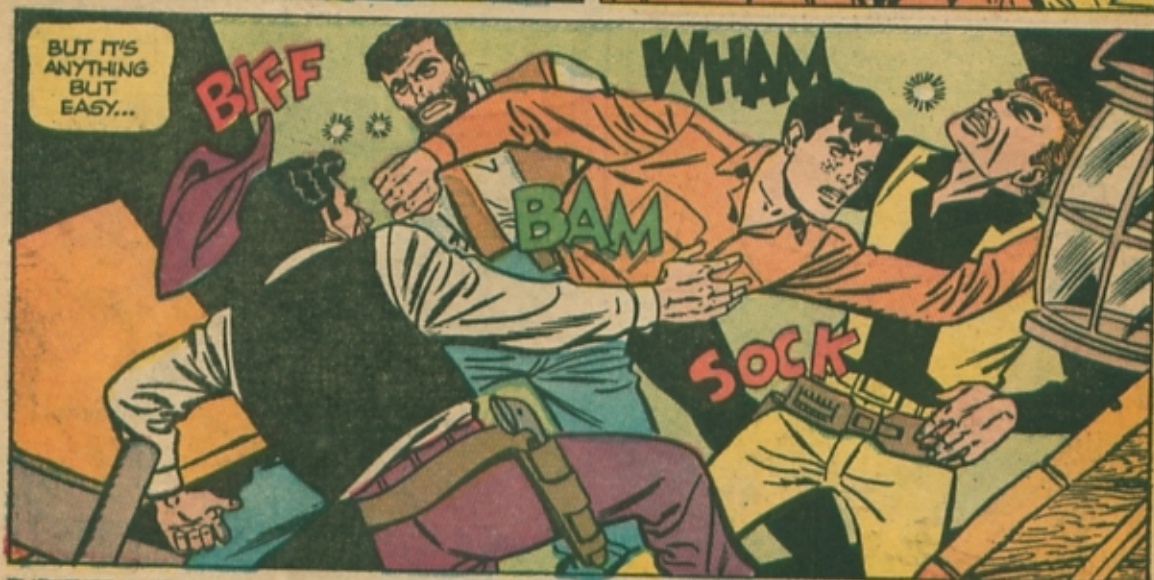
OKAY, BUT IF YOU WANTED MY AUTOGRAPH, ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS ASK FOR IT! YOU DIDN'T NEED A GUN!

STOP THE PALAVER AND LET'S HAVE IT!



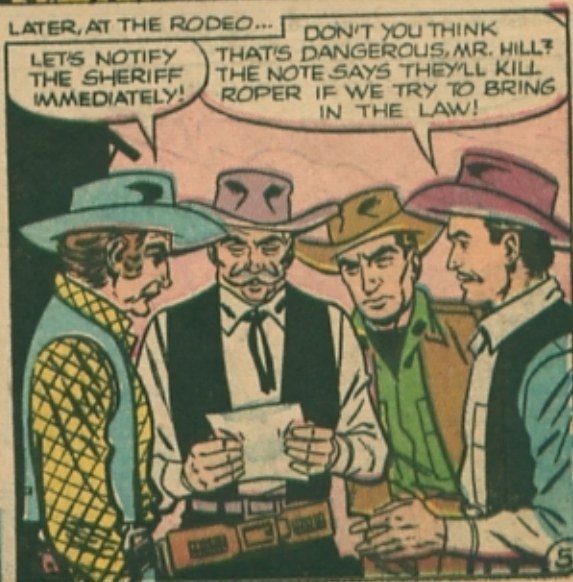
HERE YOU ARE, SALTY! FILL IN THE RANSOM NOTE! THEN I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THE RODEO AND SAY SOME STRANGER HANDED IT TO ME!

RANSOM NOTE!



THREE TO ONE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH...EVEN FOR COURAGEOUS BUCK...









AT THE SAME TIME AT THE RODEO...



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE HIDEOUT BUCK HAS REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS ...

THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME WAY TO GET OUT OF HERE ...



HEY, ROPER! SIT STILL OR WE'LL KNOCK YOU COLD AGAIN!

THAT LOOSENED THE ROPES! NOW I'VE GOT A CHANCE TO FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF HERE!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT...

I GOT COMPANY FOR YOU, ROPER! DIXIE GOT WISE SOMEHOW BUT I AIM TO GET THAT RANSOM MONEY OR WE'LL KILL THE BOTH OF YOU!

I CAN'T GAMBLE ON A FIGHT NOW! DIXIE IS LIABLE TO GET HURT! BUT THAT FIRE PLACE GIVES ME A DIFFERENT IDEA!



SO FAR NO ONE'S NOTICED THAT MY HANDS ARE LOOSE! BY OPENING AND CLOSING THE FLU IN THE FIRE PLACE, I CAN SEND OUT SOME SMOKE SIGNALS! I ONLY HOPE THERE'S SOMEONE AROUND TO SEE THEM!



MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND A TRACE OF DIXIE! I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEVER PICK UP HER TRAIL!

WAIT! LOOK AT ALL THAT SMOKE YONDER! THE WAY IT'S COMING OUT IN SPURTS LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S TRYING TO SEND A MESSAGE!

IT'S PROBABLY SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE A FIRE! BUT WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE BY TAKING A LOOK!



THEY'RE WISE TO US! HERE COMES A GANG FROM THE RODEO! WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT!





BULLETS!
WE'D BETTER
GET OUT OF
RANGE!

THIS MUST BE
THE KIDNAPERS'
HIDEOUT!

SURE! AND
DIXIE AND BUCK
MUST BE INSIDE!
WE WON'T BE
ABLE TO HELP THEM!
WE CAN'T GET CLOSE
WITHOUT GETTING
SHOT UP!

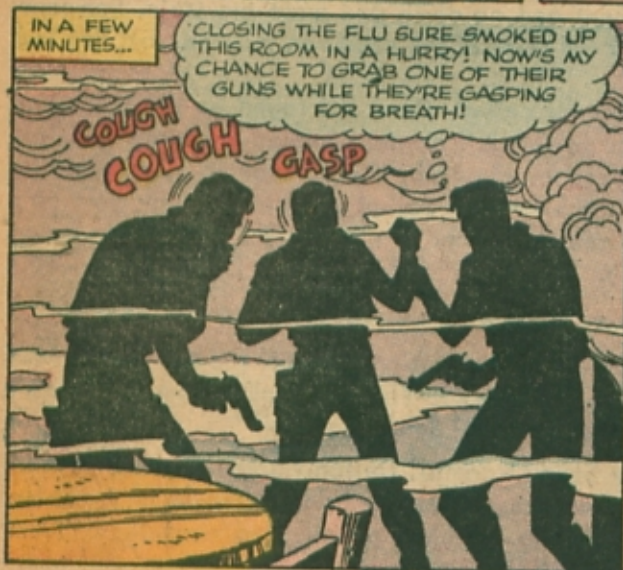
BAM
BAM



KEEP FIRING UNTIL WE'RE
SURE WE'VE SCARED
THEM AWAY! THEN WE
CAN MAKE A BREAK
FOR IT!

ONE THING'S SURE! THEY
WON'T LEAVE US ALIVE TO
IDENTIFY THEM! OUR ONLY
CHANCE IS TO OVERCOME
THEM IN HERE...AND I THINK
I KNOW HOW! I'LL CLOSE
THE FLU!

BAM



IN A FEW
MINUTES...

CLOSING THE FLU SURE SMOKED UP
THIS ROOM IN A HURRY! NOW'S MY
CHANCE TO GRAB ONE OF THEIR
GUNS WHILE THEY'RE GASPING
FOR BREATH!

COUGH
COUGH

GASP



REACH FOR THE CEILING AND DROP THOSE
GUNS! DON'T WORRY, DIXIE! THIS FRESH
AIR WILL CLEAR THE SMOKE OUT OF
HERE IN A FEW MINUTES!



LOOK! BUCK'S
GOT EVERY-
THING UNDER
CONTROL!

AS SOON AS THE
SHOOTING STOPPED,
WE RUSHED IN BUT
I SEE YOU'VE GOT
THE JOB ALL
FINISHED!

THERE'S
STILL ONE
THING
LEFT TO
DO!



...GET MY LUCKY BELT BACK! I HAVE A
FEELING IT'LL HELP ME GET SOMEWHERE
REAL SOON IN THE RODEO! NOW LET'S
DELIVER THESE KIDNAPERS TO
THE SHERIFF!

THE
END

TIGHT NOOSE

The old man pitched forward, and fell almost as the shot was heard. The cattle moved restlessly as Cal Hunter, foreman of the Bar Y ranch moved quickly to the dead man's side.

"Bushwacked!" he muttered. "In broad daylight!"

It took only a moment to establish that Tom Randall, owner of the Bar Y ranch was dead, a bullet between his shoulder blades. Cal Hunter called for help, and Shep Dalton rode up.

"What happened to the old man?" he asked. "Get himself another heart attack?"

"No," said Hunter grimly, he was shot. Dead before he fell off his horse."

"Hmm, that's too bad," Dalton said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "And his son coming in from school today, too."

The two of them lifted the body of Randall and slung him across his horse. "One thing is certain," Hunter said, "if the kid can't stop the rustling, he ain't going to stay long in the west.

"Let's get Tom laid out nice and decent and go down and meet the train. Someone has to tell the kid the news." Dalton took the reins of the dead man's horse, and headed for the ranch house.

"You call for the kid at the train," Hunter called, "and I'll round up the hands and have them down at the house when you get back." Hunter wheeled his horse and left Dalton with the dead man. If there was ever an easy job, Hunter took it. How would he break the news -- what could he say to the kid. It all boiled down to, "Sonny, your pa's been shot today -- in the back. You're now the owner of the Bar Y ranch that is being rustled blind, and what's more you may be shot next." Now, thought Dalton, how would be the nicest way to say it?

The train had pulled out when Dalton got to the station. Even if the boy hadn't been the only one waiting, he could have been recognized. The boy looked like his father, straight, and tall. Dalton called to him, "Mr. Randall! Sandy Randall!"

Either the boy didn't hear, or it wasn't Sandy Randall. Dalton walked over and put his hand on the boy's shoulder. The boy spun around, startled, and then he smiled. He pulled a pad from his pocket, slipped out the attached pencil, and scrawled. "I am Sandy Randall. Are you from the Bar Y ranch?"

"Yes," started Dalton. "I'm Shep D--" The boy's eyes looked into his, and he could see that not a word he was saying was understood. He grabbed the pencil and pad, and scribbled, 'Shep Dalton, Bar Y ranch.' The boy shook his head understandingly, picked up his bags, and Shep led him to the horses. Now it was up to Hunter to explain about Tom Randall to his son, Sandy.

Dalton could understand why the boy had been away to a private school, why Tom had never had him on the ranch, and why someone had picked the Bar Y to bleed white. Tom Randall was an old man and a pushover for a smart rustler. He was too proud to call for help, and now he was dead. His son would never call for help, either, for he was a DEAF MUTE!

There were a number of horses in front of the ranch house, as Dalton, and young Randall approached it. Some of the ranch hands must have heard the old man was shot, and hurried over.

Dalton threw open the door, and saw the old man stretched out on a cot. The boy saw his father and dashed to his side without a sound. Huge tears formed in his eyes, and rolled down his face, as he hugged the lifeless form.

Dalton froze in his tracks as he heard Hunter's voice come in from the next room.

"The old man is dead, and now I'm takin' over. If anybody wants to back out, now's the time to talk up."

"What about the kid?" one of them wanted to know.

"He goes the way of the old man, first chance I get." Hunter rolled the chamber of his pistol to accent his point. "All the other hands will be fired, and we start all over again, with every man getting his cut same as when we rustled the cattle."

"We got company." One of them shouted.

Hunter whirled and pointed the gun at Dalton.

"You got back sooner than I expected, but you heard more than I wanted you to, and that's too bad."

"What about the kid?" one of them asked. "He heard everything too."

"Not the kid," Hunter smiled. "He's deaf and dumb. That's the special school he's been goin' to — they're tryin' to learn him to talk. The one I'm worried about is Dalton, he knows how to talk, and I aim to keep him quiet."

Dalton looked over at the kid who was staring intently at them. He was drinking in the room with his large eyes, but it was evident that he understood nothing for he walked over to the window and stared out. He made no effort to get away or to protect himself but stood in the light of the window and made curious shadows on the wall with his fingers.

"If you expect help from the kid, Dalton, forget it," Hunter laughed. "He's not all there. I used to read the letters he sent his father, full of poetry and stuff."

Got to stall for time, thought Dalton. Maybe a miracle would stop a bullet from goin' through him, but Hunter held the gun steady, and it was pointed straight at his middle.

"How'd you get his letters, Hunter, pick 'em out of the mail box?"

"No!" he smiled. "The old man trusted me. In fact I'm in the will. If anything happens to the kid, I'm the new owner of the Bar Y ranch."

"Couldn't you get after the rustlers instead of killin' the old man?" needled Dalton.

"We was the rustlers," laughed Hunter as if a big joke had just been told. "We just got tired of takin' our money in drips so we decided to bust the dam, and take over. Some of the boys will have to go, but you'll go feet first!"

Hunter raised his gun, and the trigger finger went white as it squeezed. Dalton blinked instinctively as if the bullet wouldn't hurt if his eyes were closed. The shot went off, and Dalton felt nothing. His eyes opened to find the gun shot out of the hand of Hunter. The men behind him had their hands raised in fear as a man walked in with a smoking pistol, and the largest, shiniest, badge Dalton had ever seen.

"You're a sight for sore eyes," grinned Dalton. "It's a lucky thing you dropped in when you did."

"Lucky had nothing to do with it," the Sheriff said grimly, "I was called in."

"Called!" Hunter was startled. "Who called you, Sheriff?"

"Young Randall," the Sheriff replied. "The last letter he got from his father made him worry that something was goin' wrong, so he fixed it up with one of his school chums to keep an eye on this house with a spy glass."

"But he hasn't been out of the house. How could Randall have told anybody anything? You're crazy, Sheriff!" Hunter snorted.

"Randall couldn't talk, but they learned something at school called the deaf and dumb sign language. You speak it with your fingers, and all Randall had to do was to get to a window and send a message. His friend picked it up and sent for me."

"What gets me," muttered Hunter, "is what made him think there was any trouble. I kept smilin' and talking low so that he'd think we were all nice and friendly."

"You forget," said the Sheriff, "that one of the first things a deaf mute learns is to read lips. And between that sign language and readin' lips, you're goin' to find yourself in the tightest noose you ever saw!"

THE END

DEAD DOGS, AND A MASKED RIDER THAT SET FIRE TO THE VILLAGE ALMOST EVERY MORNING SET THE TOWN ON EDGE! IT WAS A WAR OF NERVES IN WHICH THE INHABITANTS FOUGHT A LOSING BATTLE, AND SOME READILY GAVE UP THE FIGHT AND LEFT FOR GREENER LANDS! THEN WOLF WAS SHOT, AND RED FIRE FOUND HIMSELF HUNTED BY A POSSE... ACCUSED OF BEING... THE TORCH RIDER OF THE PLAINS!

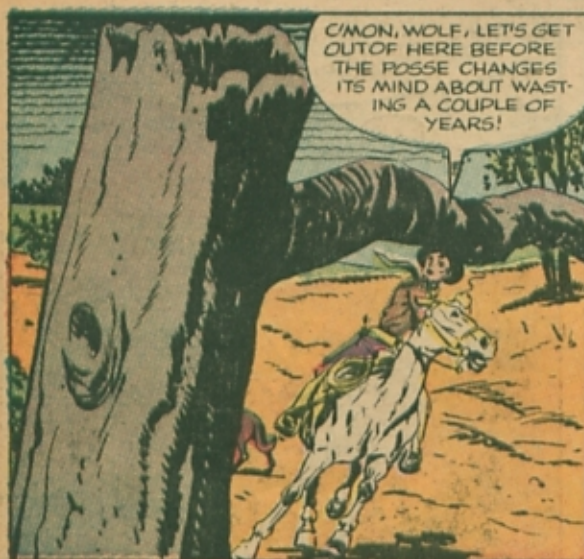
RED FIRE

in 'THE FLAMING TORCH RIDER OF THE PLAINS'









THAT NIGHT, A HUNTED OUTLAW HIMSELF, RED FIRE RETURNS TO THE SIGHT OF THE VILLAGE DUMP...







MEANWHILE, IN TOWN, OUTSIDE OF RED FIRE'S ROOM...



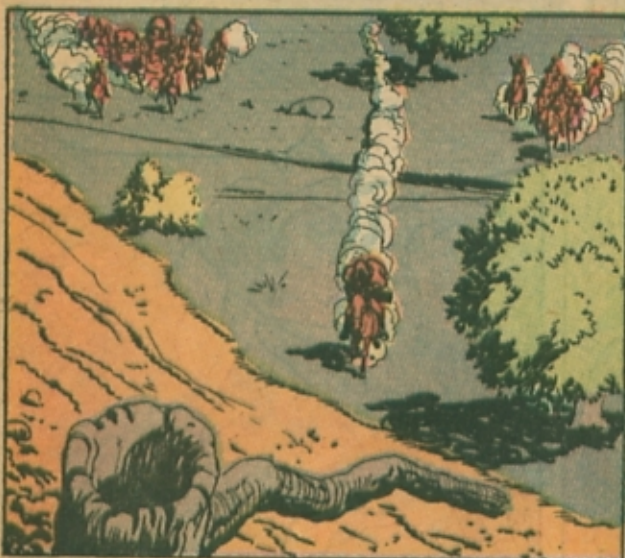
WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF RED FIRE'S ROOM...





WHILE THE SHERIFF TRIES TO ROUND UP A POSSE, RED FIRE MAKES SOME NEW DISCOVERIES...







SEE CLOSE-UP WONDERS OF NATURE RIGHT BEFORE YOUR EYES

HIGH POWER MICROSCOPE

THE
MIGHTY
MITE
of
MICROSCOPES

STUDY
INSECTS



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Want!

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J.D., Milwaukee, Wis. made \$108.00
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R.B., Medway, Mass. made \$59.00
D.S., Boulder, Colo. made \$55.00
D.W., Holland, Mich. made \$50.00
W.A., Goodland, Ind. made \$59.00

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"electra-JEEP" "the new 1952 sensation!"

\$3.98 complete

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AS ANY HEIGHT

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 I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

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